

# WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

## A "New Woman's" Ambition.

She once gave her attention to society's frivolities. Took part in every smart affair, in all the dizzy follies. Then turned to literary work with great impetuosity. And soared toward the heights of fame with wonderful velocity. Hers was a ruling mind in the historical society. She drank in art and science until filled unto satiety. But since the female suffrage law gave to her sex autonomy. She's shaken all and taken up political economy. And hopes that she may some day sit in glare of glory's sunny sun. And hear the chair address her as the Senator from Gunnison.

—Denver Post.

**Sham Invitations.** "It is all very well," remarked a society girl to a New York Tribune reporter, "to be grateful for favors received, but it is rather hard to have to thank people for what you never get. It seems to me that I am continually called upon to make acknowledgments of proposed benefits, which are either forgotten or overlooked, and which certainly are never bestowed. You must come and stop with me next summer at Newport, my dear," says Mrs. Tip-Top, and, of course, I thank her profusely and accept with pleasure, but the season passes and her invitation never arrives. When are you coming to dine with us?" queries Mrs. Casual. "You must really come soon. I will write and see if we can arrange a day." But that dinner is never eaten. So it goes on. These invitations seem a sort of counterfeit coin which some society people try to pass for good money. They really delude themselves, too, into thinking these same invitations call for a certain amount of gratitude from the recipients.

**The Girl and Her Vocation.** "The future wage-earning girl should have in her mind during the latter part of her school life the selection of her profession," writes Margaret E. Sangster in the November Ladies' Home Journal. "I think it well for her, too, very quietly, but with intention, to cast about among her friends for suggestions, to ask the kind offices of one and another, and to make known her need of immediate employment as soon as she leaves school. Many good positions are lost because of indecision, or false pride, or unwise reliance on the part of those who seek them. The mental attitude of the girl in search of employment should be neither indifferent nor patronizing; she should set in motion every legitimate means, and let those who may be able to assist her know something of her situation. They can help, and she can seek with much greater hope of success if the goal in view be something definite."

**The Gentle Art of Dinner-Giving.** There are two secrets of the gentle art of dinner-giving: the first, is, keep within four means, writes "Carolyn Bowdler Burrell" in Harper's Bazar. To be definite do not invite more guests than you can seat in comfort or serve with ease, and do not attempt too ambitious dishes. No woman is better loved by her friends because she is a better cook than they, though they may love her in spite of the fact. Keep well within your limits as to your waitress's abilities, and the number of your spoons and forks, and have an easily-prepared menu. A business naturally wishes to give her guests her very best, but to give all her best at one dinner is to draw too heavily on her future; she should leave something for next time. As to the expense of a dinner, that must be regulated not alone by the purse, but, unfortunately, by the pride of the hostess. To keep within one's means in this respect is a lesson which most women find it difficult to learn. To be willing to give a simple meal to those who have even an expensive one to us takes real courage. Many deny themselves the real delight of having their friends at their own home table because, forsooth, they are

ashamed to offer a dinner which is not costly; yet of all forms of foolish pride this is the most absurd. There is a certain distinction in simplicity and a decided vulgarity in ostentation if we would only believe it. Any woman can give a dinner quite elegant enough to offer those in her own social station if she is content to give it in her own best style. By all means give your guests as good a dinner as you easily can; plan it carefully, set the table daintily, serve the food attractively, remembering Sidney Smith's saying that if he could have only one thing for dinner he would take a hot plate, and you will have no reason for embarrassment.

The second and more important secret of the art of dinner-giving lies in your choice of guests. In one of his essays De Quincey has shown the social value of the dinner in civilized life, and has pointed out, in his whimsical way, that a sure index to the mental and moral level of a nation is the way in which it dines, and "the chief arenas for the easy display of intellectual powers are at our dinner tables." If these about your board have no common interests, if they cannot or will not assimilate and display these "powers," this alone will spoil your dinner.

that she lives for the service of man, sometimes even for the dead. I heard of a girl who became engaged and was married to a dead man, whose parents did not think it right that she should be a bachelor in the spirit world. In South China there are in some places baby markets, where infant girls can be bought for fifty cents or less. Dr. Martin, president of the Dowager Empress's New Unit, says that not one woman out of 10,000 can read a book understandingly. I asked a group of Chinese once why the women were not taught. One replied, "We consider women inferior and unworthy." A second said, "The women are considered of not very great use." A third answered, "The Chinese have many immoral novels and keep women ignorant so that they cannot read these." A fourth said, "Women's work is in the house. She has no business with anything outside."

**Waited for the Baby.** The Kildonan Castle is one of the largest British transports and the following little story in connection with the vessel appeared in the London Daily Mail:

## JUST BEFORE THE PLAY.



"Do you think I ought to walk off the stage after my first song?"  
"No; you'd better run off."

ner. If you must return hospitality, at least do it judiciously, combining the sets of people who are more or less acquainted and can talk together easily.

To learn the gentle art of dinner-giving is, after all, simple enough. It is all summed up in the one phrase: Do it easily. If you cannot do it easily, at least do it as easily as you can. The moment that the giving of a dinner involves a genuine strain on the purse, on the resources of the household, or on the physical strength of the hostess, that moment the hope of a really successful dinner vanishes into thin air.

### Mystified.

"Mamma, my birthday comes this year on Monday, doesn't it?"  
"Yes, dear."  
"And last year it was on Sunday, wasn't it?"  
"Yes, dear."  
"Did it come on Saturday the year before last?"  
"Yes, dear."  
"Mamma, how many days in the week was I born on?"—The King.

**Chinese Estimate of Woman's Worth.** A woman's value in China, says R. E. Speer, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, is as the mother of sons. Beyond

## A PARADOX:



"You have had nearly a week to think of Jack's proposal."  
"Yes; and the more I think of it the less I think of it."

## Sunday.

O day most calm and bright,  
The fruit of this the world's best bud,  
The indorsement of supreme delight,  
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;  
The couch of Time; Care's balm and balm;  
The work were dark, but for thy light,  
Thy torch doth show the way.

—George Herbert.

### Kitchen Weights and Measures.

Four teaspoonfuls of liquid make one tablespoonful.  
Four tablespoonfuls of liquid, one gill or a quarter of a cup.  
A tablespoonful of liquid, half an ounce.  
A pint of liquid weights, one pound.  
A quart of sifted flour, one pound.  
Four kitchen cups of flour, one pound.  
Three kitchen cups of cornmeal, one pound.  
One cup of butter, half a pound.  
A cup of butter, half a pound.  
A solid pint of chopped meat, one pound.  
Ten eggs, one pound.  
A dash of pepper, an eighth of a teaspoonful.  
A pint of brown sugar, thirteen ounces.  
Two cups and a half of powdered sugar, one pound.—Ladies' Home Journal.

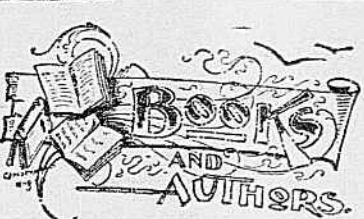
### On Earth Now.

"I think I shall take Ruth to Niagara."  
"Didn't you just go there on your wedding trip?"  
"Yes; but now we want to go and see what it looks like."—Life.

### Women Convicts in Austria.

Austria is the one country in the world which never puts a woman in prison. Instead of giving the female criminal so many months in jail, she is sent, no matter how terrible her record, to one or other of the convents devoted for the purpose, and there kept during the time for which she is sentenced. The convent is not a mere prison in disguise, for its courtyard stands open all day long, the only bar to egress being a nun who acts as portress, just as in other convents.—Buffalo Express.

It is the opinion of Dr. Conan Doyle, who has been serving as surgeon in South Africa, that swords, lances and revolvers should be sent to the museums, as the only weapons left are the cannon and the magazine rifle. Still, it would not be a famous line of much of its dramatic effect to say: "Take away the magazine rifle; States can be saved without it."



**ESSAYS ON BOOKS AND CULTURE.** By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. Bound in cloth. Flexible covers, gilt top, 18 mo., 272 pages. Price, \$1.

Those who had the privilege of hearing Mr. Mabie's recent series of lectures in this city, will enjoy this little volume of essays.

In his first chapter under the head "Material and Method," Mr. Mabie tells us that the word culture "carries with it the implication of natural gift, growth, and that the man of culture is clearly distinguished not by the extent of his information, but by the quality of his mind, and is he who has so absorbed what he knows that it is a part of himself. Again, he says, "Because culture is not knowledge but wisdom, not quantity of learning but quality, not mass of information but references and soundness of temper, spirit and nature, time is an essential element in the process of securing it. It is not wealth of time, but what Mr. Mabie calls 'thrift of time,' which brings ripeness of mind within reach of the great mass of men and women." Another most important factor in acquiring true culture is, he asserts, the power of comparison. A man's intellectual character is determined by what he habitually thinks about, and the mind may be trained to meditate on great themes instead of giving itself up to idle reveries. Father on Mr. Mabie says, "Literature is a continued revelation to every genuine reader, a revelation of that quality which we call art and a revelation of that mysterious vital force which we call life."

Of art he writes, "Art, it need hardly be said, is never artificial; intelligence and calculation enter into the work of the artist, but the final analysis is his own free and noble expression of his own personality." "The books of life" is the title the author applies to the books which are "fountain-heads of vitality, ideas and beauty," and which, like the works of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe, "These are the supreme books of life as distinguished from the books of knowledge and skill."

**FIRESIDE BATTLES.** By Annie G. Brown. Chicago: Laird and Lee. Bound in cloth, ornamental cover design, illustrated, gilt top, 32 pages. Price, \$1.25.

This is a simple, wholesome story for a loving family of the daily struggles of a girl, the efforts of a mother and a boy, who are trying to shield an invalid mother from the hardships of poverty. The burden of responsibility falls on the shoulders of the eldest daughter, who is a noble character. It is a very human story, and has its light and shadows. It is not all failure, nor all pain, but pleasure and success have their part also. It ends happily, as all stories should.

The illustrations are by Joseph C. Leyendecker, and add much to the attractiveness of the volume.

While marvellous in paper, clear type and artistic illustrations combine to make a volume most pleasing to the eye.

**PIPPA PASSES.** By Robert Browning. With decorations and illustrations by Margaret Armstrong. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Ornamental cloth binding, large crown 8 vo., gilt top, deckle edges. Price, \$1.50.

This is one of the most widely quoted and perhaps best known of Robert Browning's longer poems. For this holiday edition, Miss Armstrong, one of the most decorative artists of the day, has elaborated a most remarkable series of designs, ornamental head and tail pieces and borders of great beauty and originality. The cover design is elaborately executed in gold and colors. It is a beautiful specimen of bookmaking, and will doubtless prove most popular as a holiday book.

**CHATWOOD.** By Patterson Du Bois. Author of "Beckoning From Little Hands" and "The Point of Contact in Teaching." New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Ornamental cloth binding, 18 mo., 155 pages. Price, 50 cents.

"Chatwood" consists of a series of very brief essays in prose, with an occasional poem, which Mr. Du Bois has been contributing during the past few years to "The Sunday-school Times," and which have deservedly attracted much attention. They are on all sorts of topics connected generally with manners, religion, practical questions and are often varied with a pertinent and illustrative anecdote. It is not meant to be finished at a sitting, but to be picked up and read desultorily or in course, a page or two at a time. It is full of good humor, wise instruction, pointed reproof, sympathetic advice and comfortable encouragement.

**HEAVEN'S DISTANT LAMPS.** Poems of Comfort and Hope. Arranged by Anna E. Mack, editor of "Because I Love You." Boston: Lee and Shepard. For sale by the Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va. Ornamental binding, gilt top, 32 pages. Price \$1.25.

Miss Mack has already shown herself possessed of a most discriminating literary taste, as well as a profound acquaintance with the masterpieces of the poet, each poem, by her remarkably popular collection of love poems, the widely-known "Because I Love You." She has now used her talent in an even more noble and sympathetic way by compiling an almost faultlessly complete and well-digested collection of poems of comfort and hope, happily named from a quotation, "Heaven's Distant Lamps." The contents are arranged in thirteen sections, each prefaced by a short quotation, the sentiment of which gives the key-note to the poems of that division. Thus the theme of the first section is seen to be bereavement, of the next comfort, then submission, prayer, resignation, and group becoming more grand and strong in its tone until the closing division, which is given up to poems of the resurrection and paradise. It would be very difficult to find a nobler set of poems, or a worthier selection of extracts from their verse, and certainly no such anthology of comfort, trust, and hope has ever been prepared. The appearance of the volume in its dress of white, blue, and gold is doubly attractive, and we may be sure that it will be eagerly welcomed as a gift and especially welcomed and prized as a token of sympathy.

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**THE GOLDEN GATE OF PRAYER.** Devotional studies. By J. R. Miller, D. D., author of "Silent Times," "Strength and Beauty," etc. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Ornamental cloth binding, 18 mo., 288 pages. Price, 50 cents. Dr. Miller aims to help in a devotional way by calling the reader's attention to the meaning of the several petitions contained in the "Lord's Prayer"—meanings too often lost sight of through our very familiarity with the words. He shows how this model supplication covers the whole field of prayer. He calls attention to the fact that the prayer is half finished before the personal request enters into it. First, there is the hallowing of the name of our Father who is in heaven; then the desire is expressed for the coming of His kingdom and the doing of His will on earth. It shows, therefore, that the prayer is not a selfish petition, but a self-forgetful spirit. But when we begin to pray for the "daily bread," we recognize our dependence on God and acknowledge that whatever we have is a gift from Him. It therefore implies unselfishness. Dr. Miller takes each sentence and almost every word of the "Lord's Prayer" and shows how pregnant with meaning and instruction it is. The volume is exquisitely printed in two colors and with artistic initials at the Maryland Art Press, and makes one of the most beautiful devotional books of the year.

**FAITHS OF FAMOUS MEN, IN THEIR OWN WORDS.** Compiled and edited by John Keayon Kilbourn, D. D., Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. Bound in cloth, large crown 8 vo., 372 pages. Price, 82.

"Faiths of Famous Men" is a unique work. There has never before, perhaps, been an attempt to gather into one volume a consensus of the personal opinions of the world's great thinkers and doers upon the leading topics of religious belief, and Dr. Kilbourn's work, therefore, stands alone. The extent of his performance shows tireless industry and the widest range of patient reading. He gives us Augustine and Irenaeus—W. K. Kilgus, Luther and Calvin—Bishop Butler, Phillips Brooks and Dr. McCosh—Tom Paine and Robert Ingersoll—Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison and William McKinley—Confucius, Socrates and Mohammed—Heraclitus, Epicurus, and true believers—agnostic and devotee—dreamer and thinker—poet, scientist, soldier, statesman and man of affairs in every walk of life. More than five hundred people, known as well as men, are here made to speak for themselves in numberless extracts. It goes without saying that no one

## AMONGST THE ICE.



"Was there anything cool about the place where you were this summer?"  
"Yes; they had in the parlor a picture of 'Washington Crossing the Delaware.'"

volume can give a complete exposition of the faiths of a great many men, but it is impossible not to recognize and admire the industry, patience and intelligence with which Dr. Kilbourn has made his representative selections to cover so great and widely ranging a field as this volume enters. And it is equally impossible not to recognize its interest and value. It is a sort of dictionary of personal faith, and a book of vivid interest as well as a valuable work of reference. To the preacher, the writer, the public speaker, the teacher or the journalist it is a volume which Dr. Kilbourn has made his for constantly recurring use as well as for present readable interest.

The arrangement divides the subject into nine topics: "God," "Creation," "The Millennium," "The Intermediate State," "Resurrection," "Heaven," and in each division the quotations are given under the authors' names alphabetically. There is also a full index.

### Bruce Up.

Life is so short, and death so long, It seems like a sacrifice To stand in the way of a sunlit day, Looking for clouds to rise. Out of the shadows, fears and doubts From the skies of paradise.

Life is so short, and death too long, Embrace love while you may; Stand not in the shadows, but be true, Because the sun might die at the close of day.

The purest, sweetest flowers that bloom Blossom at dawn and fade with noon. —Arthur G. Lewis.

Mother—Johnnie, your face is very clean, but how did you get such dirty hands?  
Johnnie—Washin' 'em. —Lace.—Stray Stories.



Miss Fortune—"Is your son a half-back?"  
Old Mr. Wilkenson—"He'll be a hump-back after to-day's game."

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

### The Wrong Envelopes.

Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, is known as one of the most exact and painstaking of men. He rarely makes mistakes and has little patience to spare for those of others. But the witty and careful Senator was recently guilty of a blunder which cost him much trouble to rectify. It was nothing more or less than exchanging envelopes upon two letters written about the same matter. The story as related by his very dear friends runs thus:

Once upon a time Chandler received an invitation from Senator Frye to go up to one of the Maine lakes and enjoy a spell of hunting and fishing. Politics would, of course, come up during the quiet evenings. Senator Chandler had other plans, and thereupon he invited two letters one to his wife, which ran to this effect:

"My Dear Lucy, I have received an invitation from Frye to go up with him into Maine for a hunting and fishing trip; but I shall not accept. Frye is a temperate crank, and never has anything for him or his friends to drink, and, therefore, I have got out of the thing as diplomatically as I can. There is not much

ter. Having received the money she revealed the secret. "If you will remember, it's me as told him that if he'd vote for the Radical I'd give him a new suit of clothes—and thank you for helping to pay for it!"—London Chronicle.

### The Little Church Back Home.

When the big pipe organ's swellin' an' the city choir sing, An' you almos' hear the swishin' of the lovin' angels' wings, An' the congregations musin' on the piousness for to sin, Sort o' leavin' listless, waitin' for the preacher to begin; In that holy hush it happens that I lean forget the place, An' again I'm meek an' lowly 'fore a throne o' leavin' grace; A throne that wasn't nestlin' 'neath a spire or a dome, But the sinners sought their Saviour in that little church back home.

When we had protracted meetin's, why 'twould done you good to hear The congregation singin' with a blend o' voices clear, How the "Rock of Ages" towered like a shieldin' sort o' wall, An' our souls scared up to glory since the "Rock was cleft for all. Every face was wreathed with sweetness, an' we always had a smile, For the stranger, saint or sinner, in the pew across the aisle; For a diamond's often gathered from the commonest of loam, An' we didn't mind the settin' in the little church back home.

There were wedding's where the neighbors gathered in from far an' wide, An' the boys looked on in envy while their sisters kissed the bride, There were funerals, too, where neighbors didn't feel ashamed to cry, When they laid to rest the sleeper in the little yard close by. Each one of you, o' sacred, an' the lowly pulpits there, Pears like a holy gateway to a firmament that's fair; Where the sweet, supernal sunshine softly scattereth its glory, an' heaven's light enters from the little church back home.

The city choir's voices rise in cadences so sweet As they sing about the river where the sainted ones shall meet, An' the preacher's voice is pleadin' as he asks us, soft an' low, To treat all men as brothers in this weary vale of woe. This city church is handsome an' the congregation's large, The preacher's doing nobly with his heaven-seekin' charge, The choir's swellin' anthems soar to heaven through the dome, But my old heart is sighin' for the little church back home. —Roy Farrell Greene in Leslie's Weekly.

### The Fascination of Crime.

It is said that burglars, thieves and such a fascination that, once the delirium of their danger is tasted, a man can never put that fatal wine away. An out and out distinguished lawyer once told me that one of the most brilliant young lawyers he ever knew said to him, at the conclusion of a legal duel in which he had resorted to the sharpest of sharp practice and won: "That was the most delicious experience of my life."

Yes, and it was the most fatal. He became, and is, the great attorney of uncommon resource, ability and success, with many cases and heavy fees; nevertheless his life is a failure, for his profession and even his clients know him for a dealer in tricks. Senator McDonald, an ideal lawyer in ethics, learning and practice of his profession, told me that one of our Justices once said to him of a certain great corporation lawyer of acknowledged power and almost unrivaled learning: "Mr. ——— would be the greatest lawyer in the world if he were not a scoundrel. As it is, I brace myself to resist him every time he appears before me." One of the ablest Circuit Court judges of the Federal Bench said almost precisely the same thing of the same man—Senator Beveridge, in The Saturday Evening Post.

### America's Forestry.

American forestry has not yet gone beyond the preservation of big forests, for general reasons. Tree culture for profit, which forestry signifies in the Old World, is here not thought of nor will it be while we have forests to burn. In the Old World forestry is a business. The artificial, hand-made forests of France, and especially Germany, supply most of the timber used in those countries. England depends on outside sources almost wholly for its timber. England paid about \$10,000,000 for foreign timber last year. Her bill is annually growing larger. But it is slow work to make a profit on timber planting. Thirty-five years is long to wait.—Mechanics Monthly.

### After the Parade.

"George Winglebat, your brazen monster cannot deceive me."  
"Brazen, m'dear! No sush thing. He's tinnny, m'dear, tinnny. Been blowin' his tin in 'lection horn. Thass all—from the Cleveland Plain Dealer."